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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS WORKS.



MUSCIPULA; AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

II.

THE reflecting reader, who peruses the histories of great and distinguished men, in whatever pursuit their greatness and distinction may have arisen, cannot but find cause for marvel, when he finds them guilty of remarkable inconsistencies. By the time Reynolds left the Vatican he had acquired an almost idolatrous love and respect for the works of Raphael and Michael

Angelo; so that, ever after, when in England, the names of these celebrated masters were daily upon his lips, and he admonished, in his public lectures and in his private discourses, all who loved what was noble and sublime to study the "great masters," and labour at the "grand style."

But did Sir Joshua's practice and precept coincide? By no means. Why so? Because the pursuit of the

noble and sublime led to poverty; whereas the delineation of the beautiful and fair, especially when it had individual reference, led to consideration and opulence. Hence it was that the great masters whom he so fervently admired, did not influence his taste; those rather of the Venetian school, of which he speaks but little, regulated his professional character more than all the others. He admired and recommended one style, therefore, and painted after another. When actually employed in the former style, he is not considered to be remarkably eminent, while in the latter he is allowed to possess unrivalled skill; how this skill, peculiar to himself, was obtained, he has not condescended to leave any explanation.

After his return from Rome he again lived as a professional man in St. Martin's Lane, and engaged in many bickerings and altercations with the other artists of the day, on account of the new style of painting to which he had devoted himself,—a style not merely correct in likeness, but more life-looking, natural, and easy. After painting the Duke of Devonshire and Commodore Keppel with great success, the tide of popularity set in in his favour. His rooms began to be frequented by the rich and great, who were able and willing to pay liberally for good portraits of themselves, and thus Reynolds happily gained the honour of perpetuating the features of the most illustrious persons then living, whether in literature or fashionable life. While the correctness and natural animation of his portraits gratified the would-be heroes and philosophers, angels and goddesses, who flocked to him, and while he thus manufactured portraits, and swept in his largely increasing gains, he would dilate, with lofty commendations, upon Raphael and Angelo, "the grand style," and "the old masters." Like the sign-post by the road-side, he pointed the way, but followed it not himself.

By the time he was thirty years old, it is remarked of him that in force and elegance of expression, and in the natural splendour of his colouring, no one could rival him. Being a close observer of nature, he seized every happy attitude into which negligence or design threw the human frame. On one occasion he observed that one of his sitters, instead of looking the way desired, kept gazing at a beautiful picture by one of the old masters. Reynolds thereupon made this circumstance subservient to his portrait. "I snatched the moment," says he, "and drew him in profile, with as much of that expression of a pleasing melancholy as my capacity enabled me to hit off. When the picture was finished, he liked it, and particularly for that expression, though, I believe, without reflecting on the occasion of it."

Another remarkable trait in the character of Reynolds is his friendship and predilection for Johnson, who was of a nature and behaviour entirely opposed to himself. If, as the old maxim goes, "the like associate with like," or "birds of a feather flock together," this is, for the most part, for their *profit's* sake; but for their *pleasure's* sake it will often be found that dissimilar natures are most agreeably consorted.

The charge which Reynolds at first made for a head was five guineas, which price increased with his reputation, until it rose at last to fifty guineas. When a visitor attended for a likeness, he submitted to him a portfolio of prints and sketches, in order that the sitter might select his position. He received six sitters daily in their turns, and kept regular lists of those who sat and of those who were waiting, until a finished portrait should make way for their admission. As his commissions accumulated, he engaged several assistants who were skilful in the drapery of a pic-

ture, the tracing of the likeness and the finish of the picture belonging to himself.

In the year 1761, Reynolds, having acquired considerable wealth, bought a house on the west side of Leicester Square, where, in addition to every convenience and luxury, he set up a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works. The wheels of his carriage were carved and gilt, and on the panels were painted the four seasons of the year. It was, in fact, a gay and expensive curiosity. It frequently happened that while the footman obtained fees for showing the gallery, the coachman also obtained perquisites by exhibiting the carriage.

The Royal Academy was instituted in the year 1768, by the union of some of the most distinguished painters of the day, and Reynolds was unanimously elected president. The king soon after favoured the new society, and knighted the president. Sir Joshua continued at the head of the society, for about 22 years, and in addition to the service done to the arts by his pencil, the students in the profession have been benefitted by the efforts of his pen. He composed and delivered discourses for the instruction of the pupils in the principles and practice of their art. In addition to the "old masters," the "grand style," and the routine of instruction in painting, he wisely impresses upon his auditors the paramount necessity of continuous industry, and undeviating earnestness of mind, in reference to the professional object of their lives. To excel in painting, as in anything else, it must be followed up, not merely as an amusement, but as an occupation of labour and perseverance.

During Reynolds's long career of prosperity, parsimony was the general rule of his character. Early necessity had in all probability engrafted in him, as in many others, the habit of thriftiness; and we know that habits, especially of an unfavourable tendency, are not easily removed. He was by nature inclined to benevolence, and he sometimes performed deeds of generosity, which cost him money and gained him no open praise; but these were exceptions in his character. Again, the general order of his domestic arrangements was on a thrifty scale, and his sister, who served as his housekeeper, encouraged thriftiness, or was indifferent to it; but plenty, freedom, and noisy bustle reigned predominant, when, upon occasions, general invitations to dinner were issued to all his admirers among the nobility and gentry, the literary world, and the genteel professions of life.

The really talented and meritorious pupils whom Reynolds had under his charge rapidly acquired skill and proficiency. Northcote painted one of the servants so like nature, that a tame macaw mistook the picture for the original, against whom it had a grudge, and flew to attack the canvass with beak and wing. Reynolds compared the circumstances to the ancient painting of the grapes and the birds. "I see," said he, "that birds and beasts are as good judges of pictures as men." In the celebrated painting of the Ugolino by Reynolds, where a child is represented as expiring, a savage, brought over by Captain Cook, on seeing it, ran forward to support the child.

In the year 1775, Johnson sat to Sir Joshua for his portrait. The picture shows him holding a manuscript near his face, and reading, he being near-sighted. Johnson complained. "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." A looker-on observed, "You will not be known to posterity for your defects, though Sir Joshua should do his worst." This picture afterwards sold for 500 guineas.

There have been many instances of distinguished

literary characters, not being the best judges of the merits of their own performances. This was the case, we know with Milton; and Sir Joshua falls into the same predicament, when he points to the Strawberry Girl, as one of the cleverest of his performances.

A very serious complaint was made against Sir Joshua in the latter part of his life, in consequence of the colours of many of his pictures turning off and fading. Richness, brilliancy, and freshness, always distinguished his colouring; but he was often led to try modes of colouring, which, from ignorance of chemistry, and the mechanism of colours, frequently failed. He was, in fact, accused of making experiments at the expense of people for whom he had painted portraits. We regret to say that he carried on this practice for many years and ripped up many fine paintings of the Venetian school, to get at the composition of their colours.

In 1780, the Royal Academy was removed to Somerset House; and, whatever success may have ultimately attended this society, bickerings, disputes, and animosities, marked its early career, to which the conduct of Sir Joshua in one instance, at least, furnished occasion. He resigned the office of president, and resumed it at the royal wish. He soon after resigned it again, for ever! At his last visit to the Academy, a tragical scene was on the point of occurring. A beam in the floor gave way with a loud crash; but as the floor only sank a little way, it was soon supported, and the business of the day proceeded with complete composure on the part of Sir Joshua, who, all the time, had not moved from his chair.

Sir Joshua offered the Academy his collection of pictures by the great masters, at a low price; but they declined the purchase. He then made an exhibition of them for the benefit, we are told, of his faithful servant, Ralph Kirkley. But as Reynolds's love of gain was well known, it was thought to be as much for his own benefit, as his servant's. The following lines were applied to him from Hudibras:—

A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
Who in the adventure went his half.

Reynolds had suffered from a paralytic stroke. One day, in July, 1789, while finishing the portrait of the Marchioness of Hertford, he suddenly lost the sight of his left eye, and never used his pencil again.

His physical infirmities increased, and he died unmarried, on the 23rd of February, 1792, in the 69th year of his age. He was interred, with a grand funeral, in one of the crypts of St. Paul's cathedral, by the side of Sir Christopher Wren.

Our present article is illustrated with a copy of Sir Joshua's *Muscipula*, or the Mouse-trap Girl, which admirably displays the artist's power of permanently fixing the various expressions of the human countenance as excited by passing occurrences. The mixture of surprise and triumph expressed in the face of *Muscipula*, on finding the imprisoned mouse, is a happy effort. In a volume by an anonymous writer, published soon after the death of Sir Joshua, it is stated, that "the Comte d'Adhemar, the French Ambassador, is the fortunate possessor of this charming and exquisite little picture."

It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again, as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.—ADDISON.

MATERIALS FOR THE TOILETTE. VIII.

ON COSMETICS.

THE word Cosmetic is derived from the Greek, and signifies in the original "to adorn:" hence it is applied to the various preparations for refreshing and beautifying the skin.

The advantages and the comfort of retaining that clear and healthy state of the skin, with which we are usually endowed in early years, are sufficiently evident to us all; and it is not, therefore, surprising to find that at the present day, as well as in the time of the ancients, a considerable degree of attention has been given to the best means of attaining so desirable an object. Doubtless it will ever be found that simplicity of diet, and regular exercise, with a proper attention to cleanliness, will do more towards preserving the fresh and healthy appearance of youth, than all the creams, washes, and lotions in the world, for it is not possible by mere external applications to remedy those evils which arise from an unhealthy system, nor will the aid of cosmetics be resorted to with any chance of success, while intemperance, indolence, late hours, or other causes are gradually undermining the constitution, and marking their progress also on the outward frame. Yet, as various perfumed unguents and other articles have been in use for many ages, and are considered by some to possess the most beneficial effects, it becomes necessary to allow them a place in our notice of Materials for the Toilette, and to explain, as far as may be, what they are, how used, and the nature of the benefits ascribed to them; but first let us consider the estimation in which materials for anointing the body were held by the ancients.

In the *Thermæ* or baths of the Romans, we find that a room called the *unctuarium*, was appropriated to the anointing of the bathers, and here previously to their entering the baths they made use of a cheap coarse oil for the purpose, but on returning from their ablutions they employed fine odoriferous ointments, which were abundantly supplied, and with which they carefully anointed their bodies. Balsams, oils, and perfumes of various descriptions were arranged in pots and vases round this apartment, and the bather chose for his purpose such of them as best suited his inclination. The names of some of their anointing oils were *cinnamoninum*, made of cinnamon, *irinum*, oil made from the iris, *balaninum*, oil of ben; the *serpyllinum*, wild thyme, with which they rubbed their eyebrows, hair, neck and head, and oil of *sisymbrium*, or water-mint, with which they anointed their arms. Asses-milk was much in request among the Roman ladies for improving the delicacy of their skin. A lady named *Poppea*, though in exile, is said to have kept 500 she-asses for the purpose not merely of bathing her face, but her whole body in the milk. The use of oils was supposed to communicate strength and suppleness to the limbs, and hence we find the practice of anointing to have been common among those who were trained for wrestling and other public exercises. Respecting the custom of anointing among the Romans we have the following anecdote. The Emperor *Hadrian* was in the habit of going to the public baths, and of bathing and anointing himself with the common people. One day he happened to observe a veteran whom he had formerly known among the Roman troops, rubbing his back and other parts of his body against the marble wall of the anointing room, and asked him his reason for doing so. The veteran answered that he had no slave to assist him, and was, therefore, obliged to rub himself against the wall, whereupon the emperor gave him two slaves to

wait on him, and a sufficient sum for their maintenance. Another day, several old men, enticed by the good fortune of the veteran, began rubbing their backs against the marble, in the emperor's presence, in the hope of exciting his liberality also on their behalf, but Hadrian perceiving their drift, merely recommended them to rub each other.

In the public baths of the Greeks also, the custom of anointing prevailed, and of this we have the following account in ROBINSON'S *Grecian Antiquities*.

After bathing they always anointed, either to close the pores of the body, which was especially necessary after the use of hot baths, or lest the skin should become rough after the water was dried off it. It appears that the ancient heroes never used any costly ornaments, and Homer never introduces any of his heroes anointed with any other ointment than oil, except Paris, a soft and effeminate person. In succeeding ages when much of the primitive simplicity was laid aside, many still thought it indecent for men to anoint themselves with precious ointments. Solon prohibited men from selling ointments, and the laws of Sparta forbade any person to sell them. Yet women, and some effeminate men, were so curious in their choice of ointments, that they could tell with great nicety what sort suited best with each part of the body. The feet being most exposed to dust were oftener washed and anointed than other parts of the body. Women were generally employed to anoint the feet both in the heroic and later ages, and it was customary for them to kiss the feet of those to whom they thought a more than common respect was due. Thus the woman in the gospel kissed the feet of our blessed Saviour, whilst she anointed them.

It was likewise customary among the Greeks to perfume the grave-stones of their deceased relatives with precious ointments.

Why do we precious ointments shower,
Noble wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?

Ode of Anacreon. COWLEY'S translation.

Thus we find the use of unguents among the ancients to have been very general, but we must remember that their manner of dress rendered such applications far more necessary in their case than they can be with us. The loose robes of the Greeks and Romans afforded them but little protection from the air, and they would have been exposed to the inconveniences of a rough and chapped state of the skin in cold weather, and of an inflamed or irritated condition in extreme heat, but for the counteracting effect of unctuous applications. But among ourselves, closely protected as we are by the form of our garments from the evils above named, there seems little need of other precautionary measures. Daily ablutions in salt and water, or vinegar and water, succeeded by the friction of a coarse towel, and connected with a due attention to exercise, diet, &c., are nearly certain to keep the skin healthy and free from eruptions, and will be found to produce a far happier effect than the most costly and carefully prepared cosmetics. Since all persons may not, however, be disposed to acquiesce in our opinion, we proceed to name a few of the most approved unguents and washes to be used after a warm bath, or after the daily ablutions just spoken of. The cold cream so much in use amongst us for the cure of chapped hands, &c., is, perhaps, as efficacious for anointing the skin as any substance we can mention. After the use of it, the skin should be rubbed with a towel till all appearance of greasiness is removed. This cream may be made in the following manner: take three ounces of oil of sweet almonds, and of spermaceti and white wax, each a drachm and a half, melt them together, and beat in while warm eight parts of rose water, and two of orange-flower water, till the oil will absorb no more.

In former times, the meal or flour of beans was a celebrated cosmetic with the ladies, and was thought to possess the power of removing wrinkles. Horseradish scraped and infused in cold milk is likewise considered a safe and excellent wash for the skin.

We might mention other washes and unguents, but it is unnecessary. Where cutaneous diseases prevail, recourse should be had to medical aid, and cosmetics should only be used under proper advice; where the skin is healthy, the less such means of improving its appearance are employed, the better. Before we dismiss the subject, it is requisite to mention an article which still obtains a place in some toilettes, and which may be considered more decidedly injurious to those who make use of it than any other cosmetic; we mean, *rouge*.

Rouge is of various kinds. The best is called *carmine*, and is a powder obtained by the union of a solution of alum, with the colouring matter of a Mexican insect, called the *cochineal* insect. Spanish and oriental wool are also used. Wool is impregnated with a beautiful red colour, and made into small cakes, in which form we receive them. Rouge dishes are also imported covered with a thin layer of colour, but the common rouge is formed by pounding certain substances which yield the desired hue. These are boiled in brandy or vinegar until three-fourths of the liquid have evaporated, and a red paint remains.

By these means an attempt is made to imitate the natural hue of health, and a bright and beautiful colour is obtained, at the expense of lasting injury to the skin. But it is not sufficient that the cheeks are made to suffer; the other parts of the face, as well as the neck and arms, must share the same fate, and means have been found to give them the delicacy of appearance necessary to set off the rouge on the face to the best advantage. A costly article obtained by dissolving real seed pearls in an acid, and then precipitating the powder by an alkali, is used by those who can afford to purchase it, while powders of an inferior description, made from mother-of-pearl, and even from oyster-shell, suffice for the less wealthy aspirants to artificial beauty. There is another powder used to whiten the skin, which very nearly resembles the real pearl powder, but which has the disadvantage of turning black on exposure to the fumes of sulphur.

But we will not dwell longer on the subject of these artifices, degrading as they are to the character of our countrywomen. We would willingly hope that a sense of the important situation they hold in a Christian country, and the influence which their example is allowed to exert on all around them, may lead them to seek for other adornings than those of mere costume or complexion, adornings which will render them lovely and beloved when time has stolen away the brightness of their youthful appearance, and has impressed their features with the peculiar mark of his own hand.

AMONGST the many acts of gratitude we owe to God, it may be accounted one, to study and contemplate the perfections and beauties of his works of creation. Every new discovery must necessarily raise in us a fresh sense of the greatness, wisdom, and power of God. He hath so ordered things that almost every part of the creation is for our benefit, either to the support of our being, the delight of our senses, or the agreeable exercise of the rational faculty. If there are some few poisonous animals and plants fatal to man, these may serve to heighten the contrary blessings; since we could have no idea of benefits, were we insensible of their contraries; and seeing God has given us reason, by which we are able to choose the good, and avoid the evil, we suffer very little from the malignant parts of the creation.—EDWARDS.

PARNELL;
AND HIS POEM OF THE HERMIT.

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin, in 1679. He was the son of a Commonwealth man, who at the Restoration left Congleton, in Cheshire, where the family had been established for several centuries, and settling in Ireland, purchased an estate, which with his lands in Cheshire descended to the poet. He received his education at a grammar-school, from whence at the age of thirteen he was admitted into the college. In 1700 he was ordained a deacon, and in 1705 the archdeaconry of Clogher was conferred upon him. He was warmly recommended by Swift to Archbishop King, who gave him a prebend in 1713; and afterwards presented him to the vicarage of Finglas, in the diocese of Dublin. He enjoyed his preferment, however, little more than a year, dying in 1717, in Chester, at the early age of thirty-eight. Dr. Johnson observes, that the general character of Parnell is not great extent of comprehension, or fertility of mind; but his praise must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction. The most celebrated of his poems is *The Hermit*, the origin of which is supposed by Goldsmith to have been Arabian, and the following is a literal translation from an old volume of Spanish tales in the black letter.

The Hermit.

A HERMIT of old, after having spent many years in the practice of voluntary acts of piety and severe mortification in the solitude of his hermitage, was sorely tempted by a spirit of blasphemy, representing to him as unjust those judgments of God which were hidden from his understanding. So tormented was he by these doubts, so worn with care and beset by temptation, that no rest was left for him either day or night; for he continually struggled against those foolish thoughts that rose up in his mind contrary to his will. But God never forgets the afflictions of his servants, and though none are exempt in this life from the temptations of the enemy, yet He does not suffer him to injure us to the extent of his evil designs.

One day as the hermit sat in his cell more sad than usual, being more strongly assailed by temptation, there appeared to him an angel in the likeness of a young man of agreeable aspect, who said to him, "Follow me, if thou wouldst consider and understand the hidden judgments of God, which thou art so desirous to know." Happy in the extreme, the contemplative hermit accepted the offer, with the earnest wish of having his doubts cleared up and his mind set at ease. They travelled far that day, and as night came on they reached the dwelling of a good and charitable, but poor man; he gave them a civil welcome with such provision as he had, placing on the supper table a silver cup of curious workmanship, that he greatly prized, and in the contemplation of which he took the greatest delight. The angel, however, contrived unperceived to steal away the cup that night, and carry it off with him. Taking leave next morning of their host, the angel showed the stolen cup to the hermit, who was greatly scandalized and surprised at the baseness of stealing from that poor man, who had received them into his house with so much liberality, the possession that he most prized.

The angel, however, paid little attention to the upbraidings and lamentations of his companion, and, pursuing their way, they lodged the following night at the dwelling of one who was rich in goods, but of so churlish and morose a disposition, and of such uncourteous manners, that his reception of them was very ungracious, and withal so grudging, that it called

rather for complaint than thankfulness. On the departure of the travellers in the morning, the angel presented this man with a cup he had stolen from the their former host. This renewed the sorrow of the hermit, who could not endure to see this treasure taken from the poor and kind-hearted, and given to the rich man, who possessed neither benevolence or courtesy.

Both evil and strange did the deeds of the angel appear, but he took little heed of the expostulations and bewailings of the hermit; and on they journeyed, till they reached a habitation whose owner was kind and courteous, and who cordially welcomed them. When morning came they bade him adieu; and on passing a bridge, on which was standing a favourite servant of their host, the angel precipitated him over it into the river, and he was instantly drowned.

Astonished at such cruelty, the hermit reproached his companion with his perfidy, but neither his surprise nor indignation had any effect on the angel, who travelled on till they arrived, on the fourth night, at the dwelling of an honourable and kind man, who received them with great civility. This person had a young child, whose cries were heard by the angel; he arose in the night, and strangled the infant in its cradle.

The hermit, horror-struck at such extraordinary and atrocious actions, resolved no longer to continue in companionship with the angel. Quitting the house of the good man, who was bewailing the death of a child in whom he had placed his fondest hopes, the anchorite embraced his cross, and conjured the angel, whom he now considered as a demon, to depart, and no longer bear him company. But the angel answered him, "I am no evil spirit as thou imaginest, but the angel of the Lord, who has sent me to show thee the hidden judgments of an eternal Providence, that thou so much desirest to understand. Know therefore, that I took away the silver cup from its charitable owner, because such was the satisfaction with which he surveyed it, that he became careless in the prayers he was in the habit offering up before he possessed it. I therefore deprived him of a treasure, the pride and care of which occupied too much of his thoughts, in order that his devotion might become as frequent and earnest as formerly. This same cup I gave to the rich and uncharitable man, that he might receive in this life the reward of any good work his natural inclination may have led him to perform, for God is immovably just, and leaves no evil deed without its punishment, or good without its recompense. I precipitated the servant of our third host who received us so hospitably, into the river, because he had formed the resolution of murdering his master the following night; so that by drowning that perfidious servant, God freed from a violent death one who, for his sake, had treated us with so much benevolence. I strangled in the cradle the infant son of our last kind host, because, once extremely liberal to the poor, since the birth of this child he had each day diminished the alms he had been in the habit of bestowing, in order to amass wealth for his son. I therefore took away the life of the babe in its age of innocence, in order that the father might no longer be diverted from the performance of those works of charity which he had begun to neglect. These are the most wise and equitable judgments of God, which appear to those who understand them not, strange and unjust."

With this the angel disappeared, leaving the hermit delivered from his tormenting temptations, and comforted under all his afflictions.

T. F.

PARNELL'S POEM OF THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern Sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the Sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the Moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear
So seemed the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there,

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fogot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
"And why should such," within himself he cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The Sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought,
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging night,
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger erept,
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
Oh strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done;
Not Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplexed, with roads, a servant showed the way:
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light,

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to Earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But now had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer began,
"Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be done:"
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

COURAGE in suffering for a good cause is well; but if courage be not tempered with meekness, if our resentments burn in our breasts, and boil over in projects of revenge, opprobrious language, or any sort of indecent bitterness, neither we nor our cause are like to gain by it.—STANHOPE.

We read, that, in certain climates of the world, the gales that spring from the land, carry a refreshing smell out to sea, and assure the watchful pilot, that he is approaching to a desirable and fruitful coast, when as yet he cannot discern it with his eyes. And to take up once more the comparison of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those, who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find by their conversation towards the end of their days, that they are filled with hope, and peace, and joy; which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odours to the seaman, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls; and give them to understand with certainty, that God is bringing them unto their desired haven.—TOWNSON.

St. OMER.

II.

THE town of St. Omer is built with great regularity, partly on an eminence, and partly on a tract of marshy ground, through which the small river Aa finds its way. The general character of the streets is, that they are wide and airy; but the houses have rather a mean appearance, being in general low, of irregular size, and of dissimilar architecture. In the various streets there are a considerable number of fountains, which assist in imparting some degree of cheerfulness to a town which is in many other respects rather heavy and gloomy. There is only one square, or "place" in the town, which is called the "Place d'Armes," one side of which is occupied by the *Hotel de Ville*, represented in our engraving.

The cathedral is a building of considerable beauty, and is dedicated to *Notre Dame*: it is a very ancient Gothic edifice, and contains the tomb of St. Omer, from whom the town derived its name. The interior of the cathedral contains many bas-reliefs of Norman origin, an altar of great richness, chapels enriched with marbles, tombs of considerable magnitude, and a great number of reliques. On one of the sides of the portal of the cathedral is a large, square, elevated clock, upon the upper part of which a guard used to be stationed: the gates of the town, which were closed during the night, were not suffered to be opened in the morning until the guard had looked around and had announced that no apparent enemies or intruders were without. The cathedral contains a fine picture of the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens.

The church or abbey of St. Bertin, to which we alluded in the former article, is, like the cathedral, a fine Gothic building. The college of St. Omer has been celebrated as a seminary for the education of young men from England and Ireland destined to the Roman Catholic priesthood. It contains a public library of sixteen thousand volumes.

At about two miles from St. Omer are the celebrated floating islands, in the marshes of the abbey of Clairmarais. They are sustained on the surface of a kind of bog or morass, without sinking to the bed of it. They may be moved about from place to place, in the same manner as a floating vessel. As there is excellent pasturage in these little isles, the inhabitants of the country draw them towards *terra firma*, drive their cattle on to them, and then send the isles out again on the morass; but since the trees, the roots of which served to bind and collect the soil, have been cut down, the islands are rapidly disappearing.

There is a suburb to the town called Haut Point, built along the quays which border the canal: it is chiefly inhabited by gardeners, who by a judicious system of draining, have rendered what was formerly an unsightly marsh, a spot of great productiveness and beauty. The borders of the canal just alluded to, as well as the ramparts, and the avenue of the gate leading to Calais, form pleasant walks. Besides the buildings already mentioned, there are in St. Omer, an arsenal (containing a large collection of arms,) an academy for architecture and design, a theatre, and several hospitals.

The town is, as before observed, fortified with much strength; but its chief strength has been said to be in the power of laying the surrounding country entirely under water, by means of canals, &c. Its proximity to the sea does not afford it so many advantages as might be expected. Fishing is the principal use which the inhabitants make of the sea. Considering the good roads and canals which connect it with Dunkirk, Gravelines, Calais, Aire, and other towns,

its commerce and manufactures are but limited. They are considerable in variety, but not in extent, and consist of linen cloth, hats, stockings, muslins, cotton, leather, and in particular woollens, of which there are twenty-two manufactories, with eleven hundred workmen. There is a kind of snuff manufactured here, which bears the name of the place. There are also manufactories in metal, but not great in extent.

St. Omer has given birth to a few individuals who have made themselves a reputation. Jacques Malebrancque was born here, in 1582, and was admitted into the Jesuits' college at the age of twenty-two, where he taught logic, and other branches of knowledge. He translated several French works into Latin; but is principally known by his history of the Morins, a people of ancient Belgium; this work traces their history from very ancient times to the reign of Charles the Fifth. Malebrancque died at Tournay, in 1632.

Another native of St. Omer was Martin du Cygne, who was born in 1619, and entered into the Society of the Jesuits at the age of eighteen, and after having taught the junior classes for five years, he became professor of rhetoric, which situation he held for forty

years. He became in time prefect of the college at St. Omer. He published a great number of works which have attained a high reputation, principally on subjects connected with the Belles Lettres; and one of his labours was to present the works of Plautus and Terence, in such a form as might fit them for the perusal of young persons, which, in their original state, they scarcely were, on account of the looseness of their language. Martin du Cygne died in 1669.

A third writer whom St. Omer claims as one of her children was Claude Dansque. He was born in 1566; and, like the two preceding, was admitted to the order of the Jesuits; he was also canon of Tournay; and a very learned man. He wrote a Latin translation of the Homilies of St. Basil. He also published new editions and translations of many of the ancient writers. The floating islands at St. Omer, to which we have before alluded, attracted his attention, and he wrote a treatise on the principal phenomena connected with the waters, under the title of "Earth and Sea." There were other works published by Dansque, to which we need not here allude.

Lastly, a sculptor of some note, named Anselm Flamer, was a native of St. Omer.



THE HOTEL DE VILLE, ST. OMER.